

CONAN THE  
BARBARIAN

15¢ 6 JUNE

THE GREATEST SWORD-AND-SORCERY HERO OF ALL!

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BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
A  
AUTHORITY

# CONAN THE BARBARIAN



MARVEL  
COMICS  
GROUP

DEVIL-WINGS  
OVER  
SHADIZAR!



# CONAN THE BARBARIAN!™

STAN LEE EDITOR • ROY THOMAS WRITER • BARRY SMITH ARTIST • SAL BUSCEMA INKER • MIKE STEVENS LETTERER

# DEVIL-WINGS OVER SHADIZAR



INSPIRED BY  
AND CONTINUING  
THE ADVENTURES  
OF THE HERO  
CREATED BY

Robert E.  
Howard

THEY CALL HER  
SHADIZAR THE WICKED--  
BUT A CITY, EVEN ONE IN  
THIEF-RICH ZAMORA, IS NO  
MORE GOOD NOR EVIL THAN  
THE MEN WHO WALK HER  
TORCH-BARE STREETS, HER  
SHADOWED ALLEYWAYS--

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...OR WHO CLIMBER  
SILENTLY OVER  
WALLS THAT HAVE  
WITNESSED A  
THOUSAND  
GRISLY ACTS...

NO WONDER THEY CALL YOU  
BLACKRAT. YOU'RE ALWAYS  
NOSING ABOUT WHERE  
YOU DON'T BELONG.

MAYBE SO--  
BUT I'M  
THE ONE  
STABBED  
HIM.

BESIDES,  
HOW CAN  
TWO MEN  
DIVIDE  
THREE GOLD  
OBJECTS?

AFTER ALL, WASN'T  
I THE ONE  
SUBDUE THE  
OLD GOLDSMITH?

LET ME  
SETTLE IT-- BY  
TAKING THAT  
THIRD PIECE!

I'M  
WARNING  
YOU, FAFNIR  
--I WANT MY  
PROPER  
SHARE OF  
THE BOOTY.

YOU  
WRONG  
ME, LITTLE  
ONE, AS  
ALWAYS.

HAVEN'T I  
OFFERED YOU  
THE GOLDEN  
GOBLET  
WE STOLE?

WHILE YOU  
KEEP BOTH  
THE CANDLE-  
STICK AND  
THE DAGGER,  
I SUPPOSE.

I DON'T KNOW  
WHO YOU ARE,  
BARBARIAN--  
HURRY UP AND  
RUN HIM THRU.

RODENT--  
BEFORE HE DIES  
OF OLD AGE!

BUT MY BLADE  
WILL TEACH YOU  
THE FOLLY OF  
LEAPING SWORD-  
LESS INTO A  
DISPUTE.

ALWAYS  
BOSSING  
ME, AREN'T  
YOU, FAFNIR?

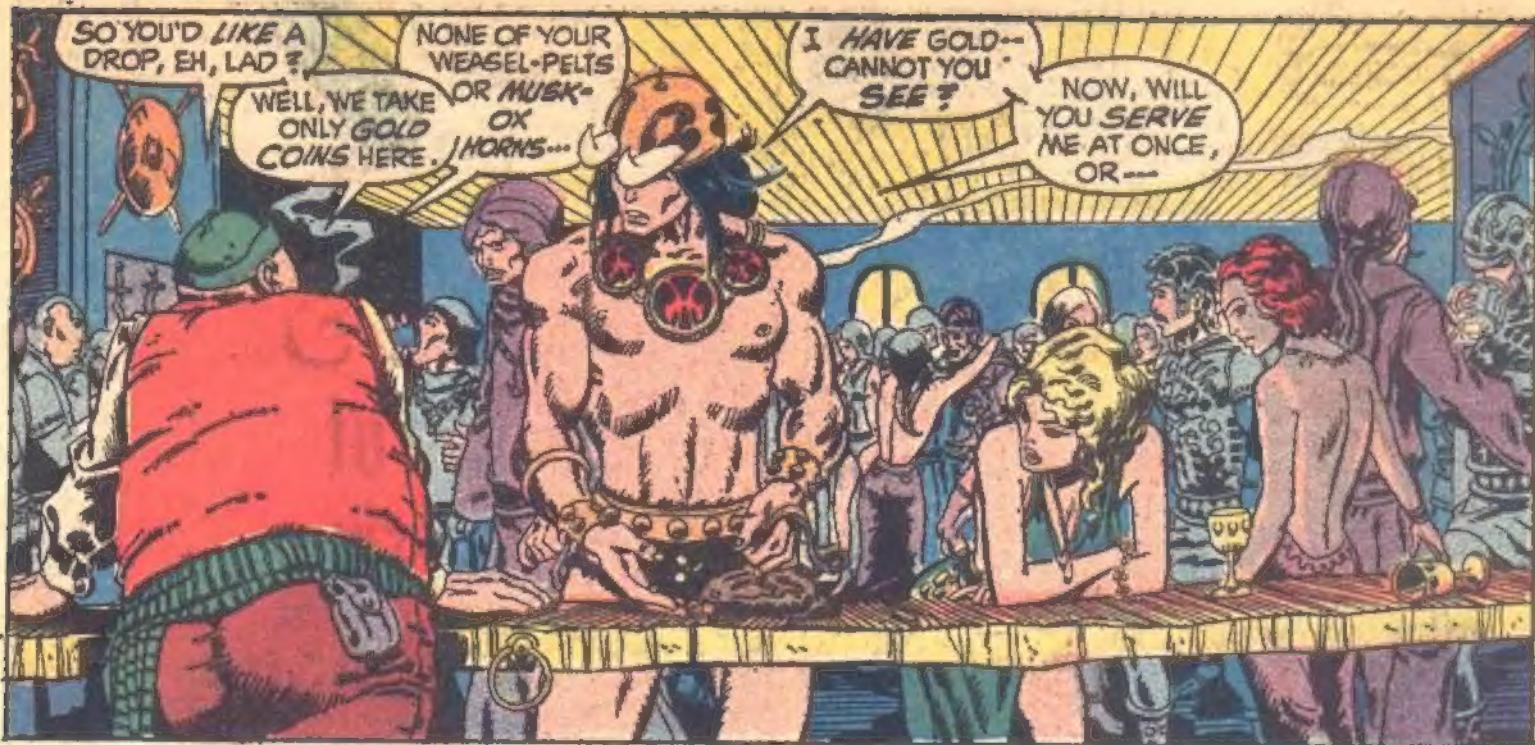
I'VE HALF A  
MIND TO  
LET THE YOUNG  
SWINE LIVE,  
JUST FOR  
SPITE.

MARRRAHH!

BY MITRA, DO I  
HAVE TO SHOVE  
HIM ONTO YOUR--

FAFNIR!  
HE--HE  
DUCKED!!





—BUT I HAD A BIT OF  
LUCK WITH A WIZARD  
RECENTLY—AND EARLIER  
TONIGHT, I...

THIS ? TONIGHT,  
OUR CITY IS LIKE  
ONE DEAD.

TELL ME, IS  
SHADIZAR ALWAYS  
SO NOISY?

WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
IN THE  
POUCH?

OH, THAT! JUST  
A FEW SWEET-  
MEATS, AND--

LOOK  
OUT!

I'LL PUT UP WITH THIS NO  
LONGER, KUSHITE.

IF YOU AND YOUR  
FRIEND MUST HAVE  
YOUR WRESTLING MATCH--  
TAKE IT OUTSIDE!

DON'T CALL  
ME A  
KUSHITE!

I'M NO  
KUSHITE DOG--  
NO SAVAGE  
EATER OF  
CARRION--

--BUT A FULL-  
BLOODED  
PRINCE OF  
ZIMBABWE!

AYE? WELL,  
COME ONE STEP  
CLOSER--

--AND I'LL  
CROWN YOU  
PRINCE OF  
HELL!

EASY, MY FRIEND. WHY DO YOU NOT SHEATH YOUR WEAPON?

MY TEMPER FLARES LIKE THE MANE OF A LION.

WE WANT NO TROUBLE, DO WE, NUBION? PERHAPS WE SHOULD TAKE OUR SPORTING ELSEWHERE.

I ... HAVE ALL YOUR SWEET-MEATS, CONAN.

THEN LET THESE TWO STAY HERE AND FINISH CRACKING EACH OTHER'S BONES. WE'LL GO WHERE A MAN AND A MAID MAY TALK IN PEACE.

CROM'S DEVILS! I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND THIS THING CALLED CIVILIZATION.

SMALL WONDER, THEN, THAT YOU LEFT.

IN MY HOMELAND, EACH WARRIOR SITS IN SILENCE... AND SIPS HIS BREW ALONE.

WHY DID YOU LIE TO ME ABOUT WHAT WAS IN THAT POUCH?

THERE WERE SOLDIERS ABOUT... PERHAPS EVEN MEMBERS OF THE PALACE GUARD.

THEY MADE ME NERVOUS.

I SEE. THEY MIGHT ASK HOW A BARBARIAN CAME BY SO MUCH GOLD--

--ESPECIALLY WHEN AN OLD GOLDSMITH WAS ROBBED AND MURDERED EARLIER TONIGHT.

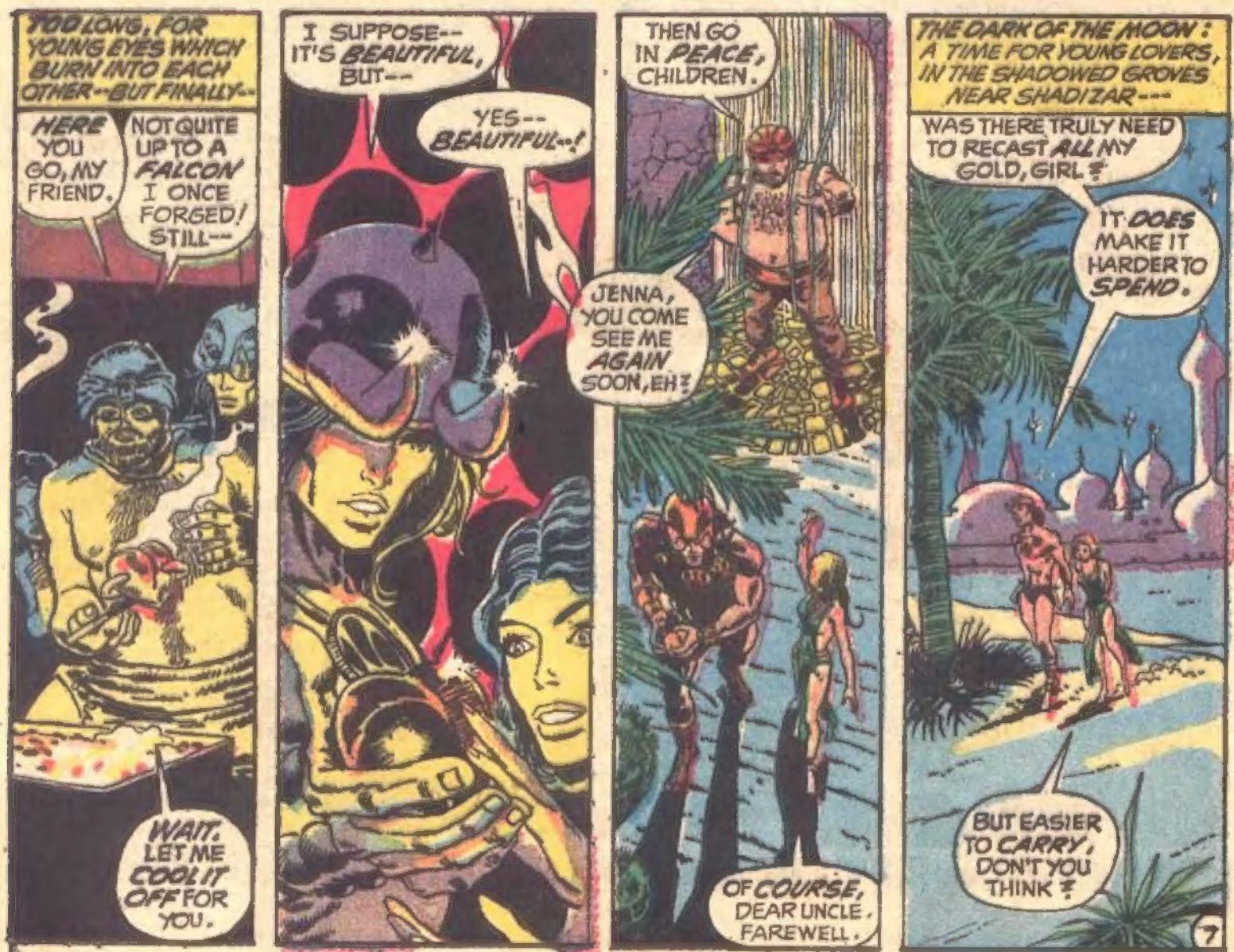
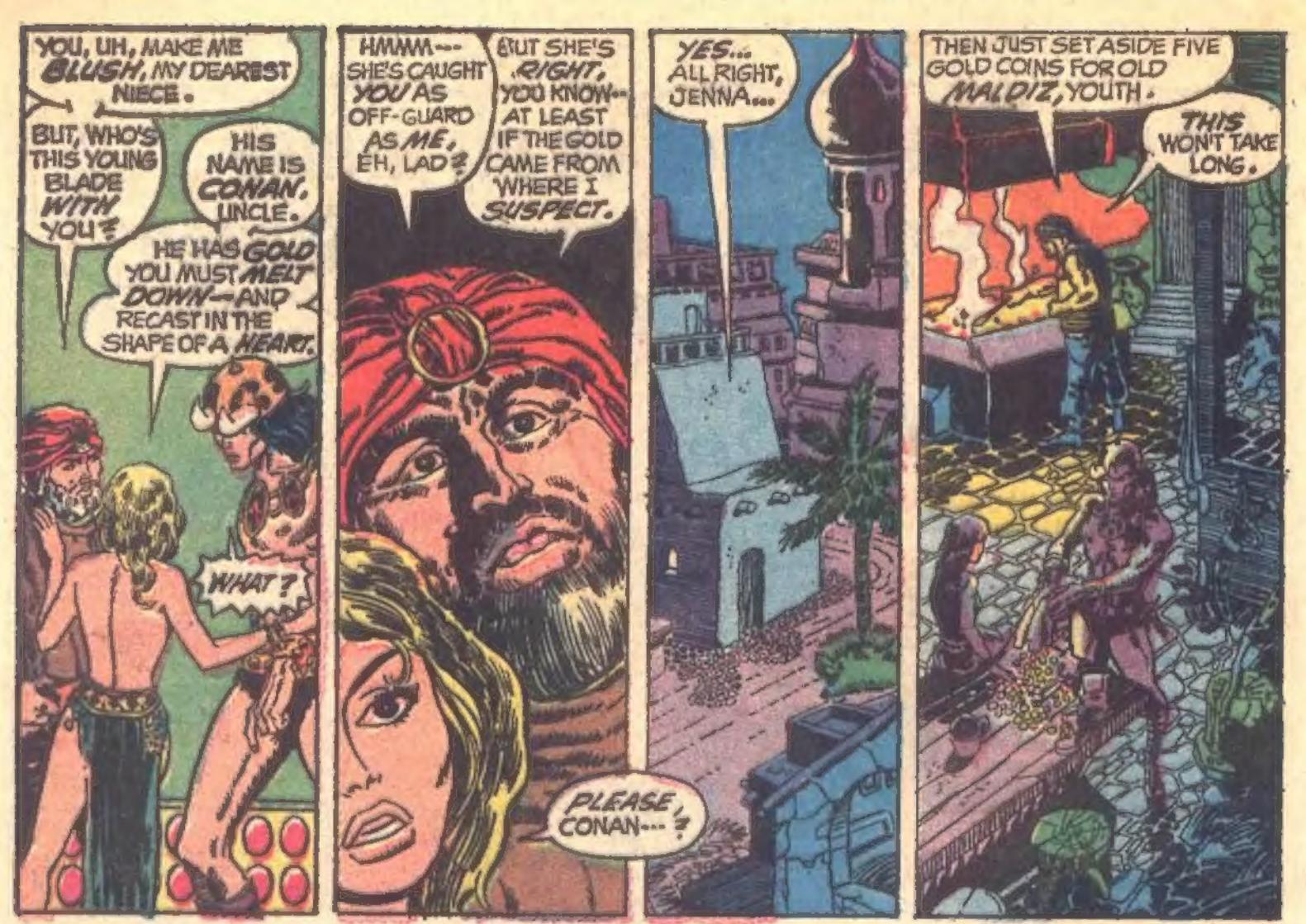
OH--COULD WE GO IN HERE FOR A MOMENT, CONAN?

JENNA, MY SYLPH-LIKE STAR-- YOU BRIGHTEN AN OLD MAN'S SKY.

AND YOU ARE A SHAMELESS FLATTERER.

COME, CONAN-- I WANT YOU TO MEET MALOIZ--

THE FINEST BLACKSMITH IN SHADIZAR, EVEN IF HE IS MY UNCLE.



TO CARRY?  
YES, BUT I  
HARDLY NEED--

YES--  
I GUESS  
I SHOULD!

HUH? WHY  
DID YOU PUSH  
ME AWAY?  
I THOUGHT--

AND I THOUGHT  
YOU KNEW HOW  
TO TREAT A  
WOMAN.

THEN, YOU  
REALLY OUGHT  
TO THANK  
ME-- OUGHTN'T  
YOU---?

NOW  
GENTLY...  
GENTLY...

AS GENTLY, PERHAPS, AS  
THE TREAD OF MUFFLED  
SOLES ON NIGHT-COOL  
SANDS---?

IT MAKES  
YOU LOOK  
LIKE A YAK,  
ANYWAY.

THAT'S NOT  
TOO BAD. NOW,  
IF ONLY--

WHAT'S  
WRONG, GIRL?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
LOOKING--

OHHH--!



MAH! THIS ONE IS A  
HELLCAT--BUT WE  
CAN TAME HER.

NO! THEN,  
BY THE NIGHT-  
GOD WE ALL  
DO SERVE--

STRIKE THE  
BARBARIAN  
AGAIN. HE  
KNOWS NOT  
HOW TO FALL.

-WE'LL  
TEACH  
HIM  
SOON  
ENOUGH!

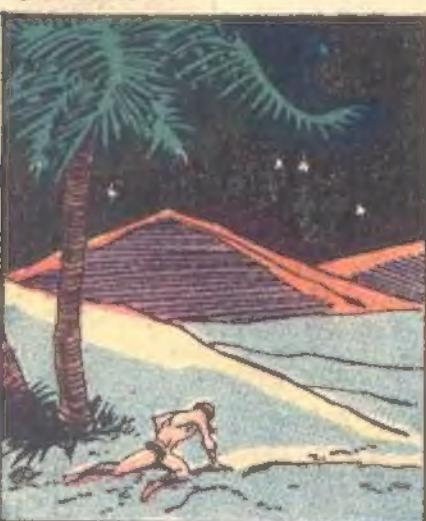


DARKNESS SWALLOWS DARKNESS--  
BLACK ENGLFS BLACK--  
THE NIGHT BECOMES A SEA TO  
DROWN IN--

THE RED-ROBED  
ONES LEFT THE  
GOLDEN HEART  
IN ITS POUCH--

--AND TOOK,  
INSTEAD, THE  
GIRL.

I  
SWEAR BY  
CROM--



BUT A CIMMERIAN'S HARD-  
BONED SKULL IS A WONDER UNTO  
ITSELF--AND THUS, ERE LONG--

EH? WHO  
IS IT THIS  
T--

OH, IT'S YOU,  
BARBARIAN.  
WHERE IS--

YOUR NIECE HAS  
BEEN TAKEN,  
MALDIZ.

UNKNOWN MEN  
STRUCK ME FROM  
BEHIND-- AND I  
AWOKE TO FIND  
HER GONE!

THEN WE TWO  
SHALL FIND HER,  
CONAN--OR  
MITRA IS NOT.  
IN HIS HEAVEN!  
QUICKLY---  
DID YOU SEE  
YOUR  
ATTACKERS?

THEY WILL BE EASY  
TO FIND--IF THEY  
STILL WEAR THE  
RED ROBES THIS  
CAME FROM.  
THEY SERVE SOME-  
THING CALLED--THE  
NIGHT-GOD.

RED  
ROBES?  
NIGHT-  
GOD?

FORGET  
HER, LAD.  
SHE IS--AS GOOD  
AS DEAD.

I DON'T KNOW--  
WHAT YOU MEAN--  
BUT HOW CAN  
YOU SAY TO  
FORGET HER,  
MAN?

YOUR OWN  
NIECE--

THAT IS BUT A  
GAME SHE PLAYS--  
JENNA LIES MUCH,  
YOU KNOW.

AND I LET HER  
LIE, BECAUSE I AM  
FOND OF HER.

BUT I'D HELP  
YOU SAVE  
HER--IF ANY  
MAN COULD.

I HAVE  
NO NIECE,  
STRIPLING!

COME--  
FOLLOW ME--  
AND I'LL SHOW  
YOU WHY NO  
ONE CAN.

ONCE EACH MONTH, IN THE  
DARK OF THE MOON, A YOUNG  
GIRL VANISHES FROM OUR  
STREETS.  
WE KNOW THAT THE  
DEVOTEES OF THE  
NAMELESS NIGHT-  
GOD TAKE HER  
THERE--TO THAT  
MINARET.

A SMALL  
PRICE TO  
PAY-- FOR  
PEACE WITH  
A DARK AND  
SINISTER  
GOD!

BUT-- WHY  
IS THE DOME  
OPEN?

ONLY THE WORSHIPPERS  
OF THE NIGHT-GOD  
KNOW THAT, LAD.

AND THEY'RE  
NOT LIKELY TO  
SAY, ARE  
THEY?

SO NOW YOU SEE  
WHY YOU MUST  
FORGET POOR  
JENNA, DON'T  
YOU, CONAN?

CONAN ??



OPEN TO THE PIT-BLACK SKY IT  
YAWNS, LIKE THE GAPPING MAW OF  
SOME GREAT CARNIVORE--ITS  
CRIMSON-COWLED PUPS ALL  
SAFE WITHIN...



--BUT FOR ONE GRIM VOTARY,  
WHO HAS LINGERED O'ERLONG  
AT SOME UNTOLD DEED--



--MUST PAY THE PRICE!



EVEN NOW, CONAN  
COULD HARDLY  
EXPLAIN WHY HE  
HAS COME HERE--

--HERE, TO THE  
VERY DEN OF THE  
MOST FEARED  
SECT IN ALL OF  
SIN-WRACKED  
SHADIZAR--

--TO TRY TO SAVE  
THE LIFE OF A . . .  
WENCH HE HARDLY  
KNOWS--OR  
PERISH IN THE  
TRYING.

BUT HER YOUNG  
LIPS WERE  
WARM--HER  
LAUGHTER LIKE  
SMALL SILVER  
BELLS--AND--

BELLS! THE CIMMERIAN  
HEARS THEIR MORTAL  
ECHO, FROM  
SOMEWHERE IN THE  
SPRAWLING TEMPLE--



BUT WHERE?  
WHERE ??

YOU ARE  
LATE, FELLOW.

HAVE YOU  
NO EARS? THE  
CEREMONY IS  
ABOUT TO--

HOLD!

YOU ARE NO  
TRUE ACOLYTE  
OF THE  
NIGHT-GOD...

ONLY  
THOSE  
WITH EYES  
WHERE MID-  
NIGHT DWELLS  
MAY SERVE  
HIM.

YET--TOUCH  
NOT YOUR  
SWORD-HILT.

I'LL  
TELL NO  
ONE.

NO, NOR SHALL  
YOU TELL ANY  
TAVERN  
ROGUES WHAT  
YOUR CURIOUS  
EYES MAY BEHOLD  
THIS NIGHT.

FOR, WHO  
LISTENS TO  
THE RAVINGS  
OF A MAN  
MADE MAD?

HURRY,  
FOOL.

THE  
CEREMONY  
BEGINS.

THE PRIESTESS  
HAJII RECITES THE  
INCANTATION.

GATHER,  
ROBED ONES--  
YE KEEPERS OF  
FLAME AND  
FAITH--

THE HOUR IS COME  
'ROUND ONCE MORE  
WHEREIN WE MAKE  
SACRIFICE TO THE  
DARK ONE WHOM  
WE WORSHIP.

AND COVAN SEES THAT THE  
SACRIFICE IS--JENNA!

BUT HIS LIPS MUST KEEP BENUMBED SILENCE.

O NIGHT-GOD--THOU  
WHOM WE DO SERVE,  
YET NE'ER HAVE SEEN--

ACCEPT THEE NOW  
THIS UNWORTHY  
GIFT--THIS SOILED  
AND SINFUL OFFER-  
ING--THIS HUMAN  
HECATOMB--

TAKE HER HENCE--FROM  
THIS VALE OF SORROW--TO  
THE UNENDING *BLISS* OF  
THINE ETERNAL SHADOW,  
THY HEAVENLY ABODE.

COME!  
COME  
NOW!

JENNA IS PAST CRYING--PAST  
WHIMPERING FOR MERCY. YET,  
AS SHRILL AND PIERCING TONES  
REVERBERATE THROUGHOUT  
THE STRANGELY-SHAPED DOME--

THE VOTARIES OF THE UNKNOWN  
NIGHT-GOD, HOWEVER, SEEM  
EERILY UNAFFECTED-- ALL  
SAVE ONE--

--JENNA  
SCREAMS!

THEN, ABOVE THE DIN, THE VOICE  
OF HAJII IS HEARD:  
"THE NIGHT-GOD COMETH!"

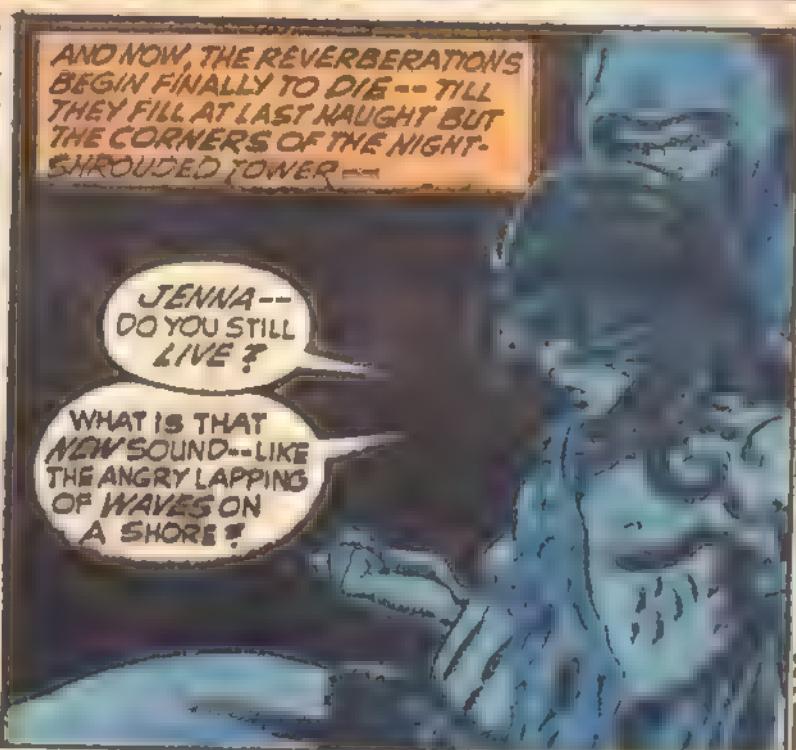
A SLENDER HAND CAPS THE SOLE  
LIGHTED BRAZIER--AND THE  
CHAMBER IS PLUNGED INTO  
ABYSMAL BLACKNESS.

BUT STILL THE STRIDENT ECHOES  
OF THE BELL SEEM TO GROW  
LOUDER, EVER LOUDER--TILL  
CONAN CAN STAND IT NO  
LONGER.



EVEN IN THE DARKNESS, STRONG HANDS--  
STRONG BECAUSE THEY ARE FANATICS'  
HANDS--GRASP THE BARBARIAN'S ARMS,  
RENT HIS VESTMENT, SEIZE HIS DAGGER--

AND NOW, THE REVERBERATIONS  
BEGIN FINALLY TO DIE--TILL  
THEY FILL AT LAST NAUGHT BUT  
THE CORNERS OF THE NIGHT-  
SHROUDED TOWER--



PERHAPS THE  
HANDS OF WILD-  
EYED ZEALOTS  
CAN HOLD  
HELPLESS A  
BEWILDERED  
CINNAMIAN--

BUT THEY GIVE LIKE STRAWS BEFORE THE FURY OF A MADDENED  
WHIRLWIND FROM OUT OF THE FIERCE-BLOWING NORTH!

JENNA!

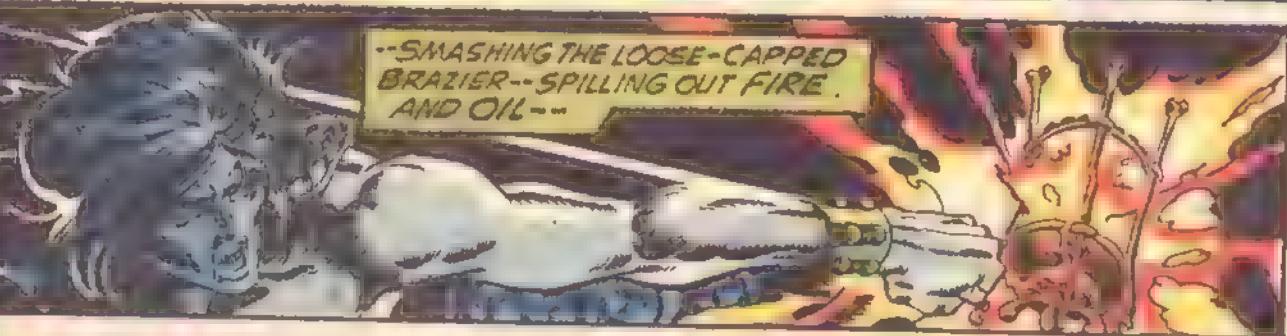
BLAST THIS  
DARKNESS!  
I CAN SEE  
NOTHING!

SUDDENLY, A  
HIGH-PITCHED  
SCREECH  
SPLITS THE  
NIGHT--SOM-  
ETHING HUGE  
FANS THE  
STILL AIR--



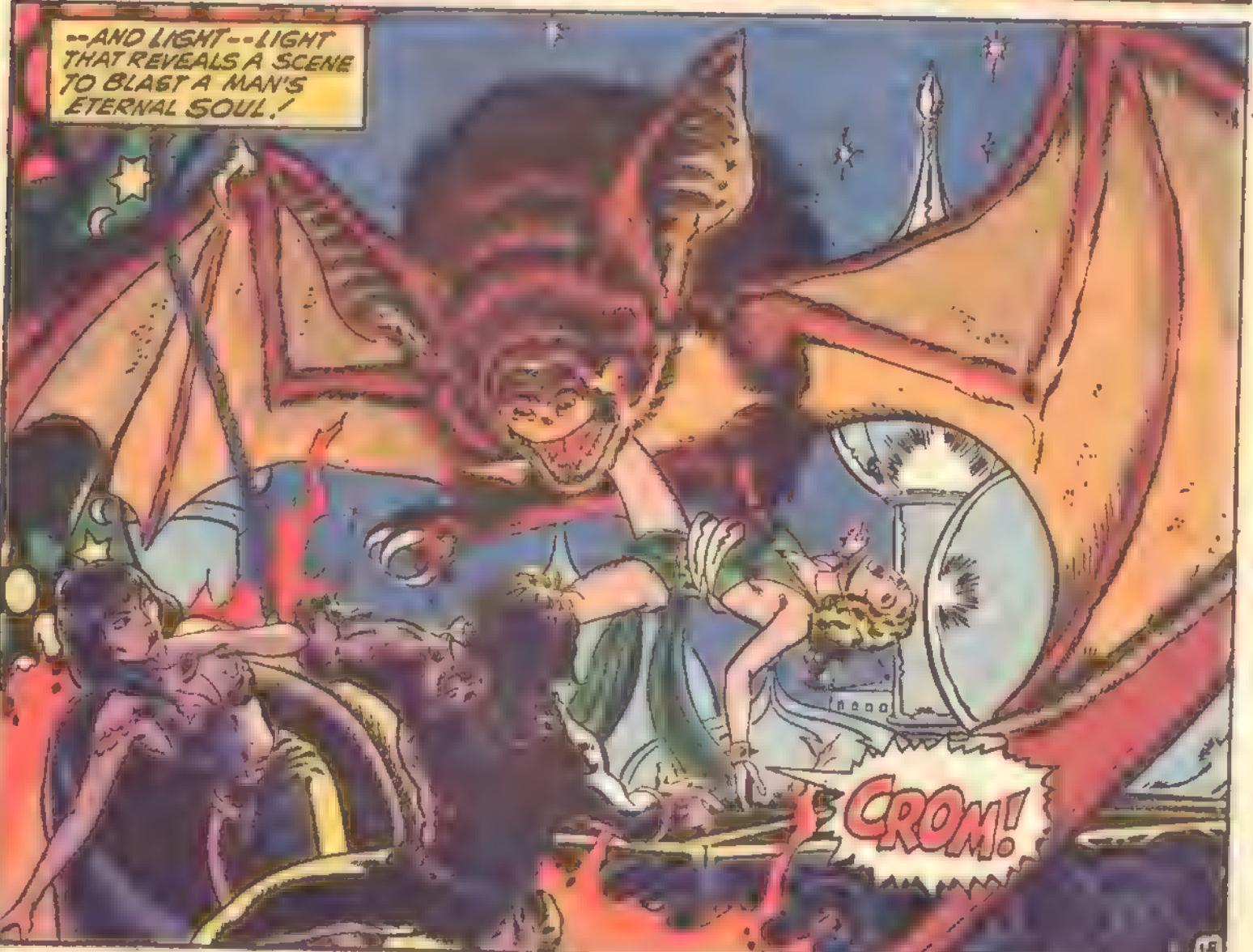
NOW A  
MIGHTY  
BARBARIAN  
FIST  
LASHES OUT--

--SMASHING THE LOOSE-CAPPED  
BRAZIER--SPILLING OUT FIRE  
AND OIL--



--AND LIGHT--LIGHT  
THAT REVEALS A SCENE  
TO BLAST A MAN'S  
ETERNAL SOUL!

ECRON!



OUT FROM SUNLESS CAVERNS HAS IT FLOWN,  
THIS TIME-FORGOTTEN NIGHT-GOD -- TO PAR-  
TAKE OF A MONTHLY FOOD-OFFERING MADE IT BY  
PUNY CREATURES WHO NE'ER BEFORE HAVE  
SEEN IT --



--AND WHO, HAVING  
SEEN IT, WILL SCARCELY  
GIVE IT REASON TO COME  
E'ER AGAIN!



CONFUSED--BLIND-  
ED BY A FEARFULLY-  
WAVED BRAZIER--  
THE CYCLOPEAN  
BEAST TURNS TOWARD  
THE OPEN PORTAL--



--BUT LEAVES WITH  
TWO WHOM IT DID  
NOT DESIRE!



A BABEL  
OF SOUNDS  
MINGLE IN  
THE EERIE  
DARK--



--THE CRIES  
OF RED-ROBED  
FIGURES,  
FAR BELOW--



--AND THE  
LONG SHRILL  
SHRIEK OF  
ONE WHO  
HOVERS AT  
THE BRINK OF  
MADNESS--!



--THE SQUEAL  
OF THE FIRE-  
CLINCHED  
NIGHT-GOD--

HURRY,  
WOMAN--  
BEFORE I  
KILL  
YOU--

COMMAND THIS  
MONSTER-THING  
OF YOURS TO  
GLIDE TO  
EARTH!

I-- I CANNOT!  
THE NIGHT-GOD  
KNOWS ME  
NOT!

I DO  
NAUGHT  
BUT SERVE  
IT-- I--

AIEEEE--!

FOR ONE FLEETING  
MOMENT, A GLEAMING  
TOWER LOOMS IN THE  
BEAST'S SKYWARD  
PATH-- THEN--

THE BRUTE IS  
STILL HALF-BLINDED  
BY THE FLAMES I  
THRUST BEFORE ITS  
FEEBLE EYES!

THUS, PERHAPS I  
CAN USE THIS FIERY  
BRAZIER-- TO GUIDE  
IT BEYOND THE  
CITY.

ALREADY IT  
DROPS LOWER--  
LOWER--  
BURDENED BY  
OUR TRIPLE  
WEIGHT.

BLASPHEMER!  
YOU WOULD  
HARM THE DARK  
ONE-- TO SAVE  
A MORTAL!

IF YOU  
SO ENVY  
THE GIRL  
HER PLACE  
BENEATH  
THE GOD'S  
TALONS--

-- THEN GO  
AND JOIN  
HER--!!

MAD-  
WOMAN!

IF I  
PERISH-- HOW  
LONG DO YOU  
THINK YOU  
WILL SURVIVE?

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE





DO YOU HEAR ME, MY LOVE?

I SAID SLEEP-- SLEEP-- SLEEP--



JENNA--?

GONE--  
WHILE I  
SLEPT!

SHE SAVED MY  
LIFE--THEN LEFT  
ME THUS.

BUT--SHE DID NOT  
GO EMPTY-HANDED.

A HEART OF  
GOLD--EASIER  
TO CARRY,  
SHE SAID.

"DREAM  
GOLDEN  
DREAMS," SHE  
WHISPERED.

BUT I  
GOT THE  
DREAMS...

...AND  
SHE, THE  
GOLD.

SO FARE THEE  
WELL, ANCIENT  
CITY.

AT LAST  
I KNOW WHY  
THEY NAMED THEE  
SHADIZAR THE  
WICKED.

I SHALL PASS  
AGAIN THRU  
YOUR GREAT  
BEJEWELED  
GATES...

...WHEN NEXT I HAVE  
GOLD THAT CAN SPARE  
THE LOSING.

THE DESERT SUN BURNS AWAY MEMORIES, SO THEY SAY. AYE, BARBARIAN FAR FROM HOME--SO THEY SAY!

FINIS

# THE HYBORIAN PAGE

© MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 625 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Dear Stan, Roy, Barry, Sal, and Sam,

Gentlemen, I bow my head before you. I stand ready to retract every statement I have made during the past two years concerning a decrease in the quality of your product. You have just reconfirmed my faith in Marvel for the next twelve centuries, as you always do whenever I feel you begin to lag.

This time, the miracle-worker was CONAN THE BARBARIAN #3: Issue #1 was unbelievable, especially on Roy's part; his rugged, powerful script carried with it the very essence of the Hyborian Age as Howard envisioned it. Issue #2, however, showed signs of degeneration. Substitute Daredevil, Captain America, or the Panther for Conan—it would still make a reasonable, logical story. In other words, Conan had begun to degenerate from a sword-and-sorcery type hero into a super-hero a la Cap, DD, Panther, or Ka-Zar. Naturally, I viewed this as another indication of a downward trend which I thought I saw manifested in your other magazines. Before writing, I decided to wait for issue #3 to see if you were definitely beginning such a trend.

Man, am I glad I waited! #3 is the most beautiful piece of work I have ever seen in comic-book form. Roy, you and Barry must have done the first three pages in unison. The beauty of the horsewomen and their horses, the grey god standing against the sky, open and infinite, glittering with stars against the blackness, combined with the awesome, warlike, mystic dialogue to produce a scene equalling and surpassing the Siege of Gondor in the Lord of the Rings, formerly my favorite scene in all literature, in its wonderment and sense of expectation. I can say the same for the last two pages, which featured the return of Borri and the Choosers of the Slain. The grey rain against the black sky was a masterstroke of coloring for whoever did it.

And Sam, you did your part too. It has become a habit of yours to place dark borders around balloons to indicate powerful, deep voices. On pages 2 and 3, the dark borders made Borri sound omnipotent, all-powerful and all-knowing, like Gandalf on the bridge of Khazad-Dum.

There was a lot more that was good about the book: i.e., the female characters were better written, Conan was not an invincible superhero, etc., but I think the first three pages and the last two were alone worth many times the price of the book. The cover, sad to say, was inappropriate and misleading; it did not carry the essence of the story, but instead showed Conan battling Borri and trying to rescue a woman, which he never did.

So may the Ring of Power never lead you into evil, and I name you Elf-friends and blessed—

Jeffrey W. Taylor, 9115 Kirkdale Rd.  
Bethesda, Md. 20034

And may the Dark Gods of Chaos never picket thy PTA meetings, Jeff. Incidentally, though we're all fans of Slammin' Sammy Rosen (who has lettered all CONANS to date up to this one), it's Stan or Roy or Gerry Conway—whichever of our awesome authors writes a particular story—who indicates to the letterer the shape and style of the word-balloons. (They figure that Sam and Artie have enough to do just trying to wade thru their typos!)

Dear Stan, Roy, and Barry,

Roy Thomas has captured Howard's flavor, and Barry Smith's artwork improves issue by issue! (Still, I'd like to see John Buscema handle an issue of the Cimmerian, just for fun.)

When I read "Twilight of the Grim Grey God" in the third

issue, the splash page said that it had been adapted from REH's story "The Grey God Passes", so I carefully looked through my paperback collection of Conan—and could not find that title. I'm not saying that I'm a Howard expert, but please explain!

Jack Adams, 1650 Ryan St.  
Victoria, B.C., Canada

Gladly, friend. One of the unpublished Howard stories left at the time of his death was "The Grey God Passes", which dealt with the adventures of a Conan-like warrior-slave named Conn. Since, as deCamp has pointed out, REH's heroes are mostly cut from out of the same cloth, it was a simple matter to turn Conn into Conan—the god Odin (in the original story) into Borri (which should actually have been spelled "Bori")—and the battle of Clontarf (between heathens and Christians) into a Hyperborean-Brythonian free-for-all. Most readers seemed to feel it all turned out well enough—especially the pages at the beginning and end of the story, which followed Howard most closely.

Incidentally, for those of you who are Howard completists, we might as well mention that "The Grey God Passes" is currently available only in a hardback (\$5) edition from Arkham House Publishers, Sauk City, Wisconsin, in a volume titled Dark Mind, Dark Heart, which features stories by H.P. Lovecraft and others as well. And like we said before—tell 'em Marvel sent you!

Dear Stan, Roy, and Barry,

Here's just one more letter thanking you for CONAN THE BARBARIAN. Howard's creation is very close to what I had been looking for in comics, but I "hope without hope in my heart", for I fear CONAN will follow THE SILVER SURFER into undeserved oblivion.

Peter Hautman, 1315 Flag Ave. S.,  
St. Louis Park, Minn. 55426

Maybe so, Pete, but it hardly seems likely—since the first issue did well enough for the powers-that-be at Marvel to declare it a monthly mag! And at this point, Stan, Roy, and Barry would like to thank each and every one of the thousands of readers who took the time and trouble to tell us what he thought of that first landmark issue—and of the ones since. (Yes, they're even just a wee bit thankful for those occasional letters with which they totally and unequivocally disagree! How equalitarian can you get?)



NEXT: **THE GOD IN THE BOWL!**

## KNOW YE THESE, THE HALLOWED RANKS OF MARVELDOM:

**R.F.O.** (Real Frantic One)—A buyer of at least 3 Marvel mags a month.  
**T.T.B.** (Titanic True Believer)—A divinely-inspired "No-Prize" winner.  
**Q.N.S.** (Quite 'Nuff Sayer)—A fortunate frantic one who's had a letter printed.

**K.O.F.** (Keeper Of the Flame)—One who recruits a newcomer to Marvel's rollickin' ranks.  
**P.M.M.** (Permanent Marvelite Maximus)—Anyone possessing all four of the other titles.  
**F.F.F.** (Fearless Front-Facer)—An honorary title bestowed for devotion to Marvel above and beyond the call of duty.